

Twenty-One.

This issue closes the twenty-first year of the Adair County News, and we want to thank our patrons, especially those who subscribed for the first copy, who have stood loyally by the publication all these years.

We have had prosperous times and dull times, but we have, like the former proprietor, Mr. C. S. Harris, kept our head above the level, and in the future it is our intention to give patrons a better paper than heretofore.

It is no small undertaking to publish a paper the size of the News, especially when material is so high, and with but little prospect of a reduction, but if our friends will renew promptly and new subscribers continue to come in, we feel sure that we can stem the tide, placing a readable paper before them each week from now on.

Our Job department has been exceedingly busy for the last two months, all work delivered according to promise, and at this time, we are supplied with a splendid stock of job material and work can be turned out on the shortest notice.

Do not send your work to a foreign print shop when you can be accommodated for less money here at home.

Again, thanking you for your steadfast support and asking a continuance in the future, we are

Gratefully,
The News.

Russell Circuit Court.

The October term of the Russell circuit court opened Monday morning. By ten o'clock there was a fair crowd in town, and all in attendance were busy throughout the day.

Judge Carter and State's Attorney Huddleston came in early, and by 12 o'clock the former had finished his instructions to the grand jury. They were regid, covering all violations of the law.

The docket is as large as usual, but it is thought that the business will be concluded this week.

There are mule, cattle and hog buyers here, and a number of head will change hands during the day.

The Holt Hotel is crowded with guests, and the merchants and grocery men are busy.

Improving.

Mrs. Malissa Christie and her son, C. C. Christie, returned from Camp Beauregard, La. the first of last week. They were called there to see Mrs. Christie's son, Norman, who was suffering with double pneumonia. Norman was dangerously ill when they arrived, but they left him in an improved condition. The nurses expressed their belief that he would recover, and the patient himself, believed that he would get well. He advised his mother and brother to return home, as he was receiving the closest attention.

Sad Death.

We learn from Mr. W. E. Morgan, of Amandaville, that Dr. J. C. Simpson, who removed from Burkesville to Texas five years ago, and who lost his wife in that State, married the second time three or four weeks ago and last week the couple landed in Burkesville on a bridal tour. On the way Mrs. Simpson contracted the flu, dying a few days after her arrival. Dr. Simpson is a nephew of Judge J. J. Simpson, this place.

Doing Nicely.

Mr. J. M. Shive, merchant at Rugby, this county, went to Louisville last week for an operation, his affliction being a rupture. He was accompanied to the city by his son-in-law, Mr. F. A. Strange, who returned Wednesday night, saying the operation, which was performed at St. Anthony Hospital, was a success. Mr. Shive will remain in the infirmary for several weeks before returning home.

Married At Mt. Pleasant.

Mrs. Mattie Montgomery an excellent lady, who lived near Mt. Pleasant, and Mr. J. C. Bault, a prominent citizen of the Cane Valley country, were married last Sunday week. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. S. Dugan in the presence of a few special friends. After the ceremony the couple went to the groom's home where they will immediately reside.

Walter R. Bennett, of Kentucky, among the list of graduates of the degree...

Election Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a poll will be opened and an election be held in Roley, Pellyton and Little Cane voting precincts on the regular election day, November 5th, to ascertain the will of the voters on 1918, the question as to whether or not cattle or any species thereof shall be permitted to run at large in said precincts.

Given under my hand, this Oct. 18, 1918

S. C. NEAT, Clerk of the Adair County Court.

Sad Death.

Mrs. Ernest Garvin whose husband is familiarly known as "Pete," died in this city last Sunday afternoon. She was a native of Green county, and was married to her husband in Campbell's three years ago. She was a dutiful and loving wife and a woman who had been reared in the proper atmosphere. To the young husband and his people, good bye, may the God of love comfort you.

Mr. O. V. Cheatham, of Bakerton, Cumberland county, has purchased of Mr. Ed Phelps the farm upon which the latter resides. It lies two miles west of Columbia and is good property known as the Walker farm. The consideration was \$6,600. Mr. Cheatham will remove to it by the first of January. It is said that Mr. Phelps will buy property in Columbia. Mr. Cheatham is a brother of Mr. Ezra Cheatham, this place, who closed the deal.

I desire to express my thanks to all in the county who assisted in collecting and all who gave clothing for the war suffers of Belgium and Northern France. We had more than two thousand articles that will give good service most of them woolen, many of them new. Also new cloth to make garments. Our county very generously responded to the call for our neighbors across the sea.

Miss Mollie Caldwell,
Chairman of collecting Com.

Mr. Ben Dunbar and wife, of the state of Washington, who visited here, and who were notified the first of last week that their daughter was very ill, left at once for their home. When they reached home they found their daughter much better, but a son whom they did not know was sick had died, a day or two before they reached home.

A telegram from Chanute, Kan., to Mr. W. B. Patterson, stated that his brother, Mr. A. D. Patterson, was seriously afflicted with pneumonia, following the flu. The message also stated that Mrs. Patterson and daughter, Mary D., were both down. Favorable reports have come later.

Red Cross Workers.

The Red Cross Room is open only on Tuesdays, and all volunteer helpers and those who want to assist in sewing, will please come on this day. Sewing machines have been provided. Come and help us.

Elbert Wilmore, son of Mr. L. M. Wilmore, died at Camp Furgerson, Kan. His body was shipped to Bogard, Mo., for interment. His parents and also the deceased formerly lived near Gradyville, Adair county. The News extends its sympathy to the bereaved parents.

Killed In Action.

The War Department announced on Monday the death of Cecil Brummett of Rowena, Ky., killed in action on the front in France. Date not given.

For Sale.

I have a sow and pigs, thoroughbred registered Duroc for sale. The pigs will be sold separate.

Mrs. Sarah E. Smythe, Phone 66, the Old Toll Gate.

Mr. J. T. Goodman, of Rowena, who will remove to Columbia in a few weeks, was dangerously ill with double pneumonia last week, is reported as improving. He is a fine citizen and we are glad to state that he is regaining his health.

This time last year tobacco buyers had been over the county and many crops sold. Up to now we have not heard of the disposition of a crop, though tobacco is fairly good over the county. Many growers are stripping.

Lieut. Albia Eubank, of this place, who has been at Camp Humphrey, has been transferred by the government to Washington, D. C., and his duty will be to receive and transmit programs to our soldiers in France.

The sale of O. C. Stephens which occurred a few days ago, was largely attended. Mules, horses, cattle and hogs sold high. Farming implements brought good money. Corn sold at \$7 in the field.

Mr. J. I. Curry, who was kicked on the left leg by a mule, was in town a few days ago, on crutches. He was badly hurt and it will be some weeks yet before he will have good use of his leg.

The remains of Mr. Frank Rice, who was buried near Cane Valley, were removed to the Corbua cemetery last Tuesday and deposited by the side of his wife, who died three weeks ago.

J. S. Tuggle, of Hoopston, Ill., has purchased a farm from Jas. T. Page lying three miles East of Columbia and containing 110 acres, for \$1,500, possession to be given soon.

An infant child of John Burton died in Greenwood, Ind., a victim of whooping cough. The remains were brought to this county and interred at Bearwallow.

Phelps Bros. shipped three car loads of cattle and hogs from Campbellsville last Saturday. They paid from 5 to 10 cents for cattle, 15 and 16 cents for hogs.

Grisham, Bennett & Loy returned from Stanford last week. While there they sold 57 head of cattle at from 6 to 10 cents.

L. C. Hindman has purchased from Sam Barbee the latter's residence, on street leading to the fair grounds, consideration not given.

I have rented my store building and will close out the remainder of my stock of goods at once. Call and get my prices.

Mrs. W. L. Walker.

Harry Atchler, of Bowling Green, was here a few days ago and purchased 30 mules. He paid from \$65 to \$125 per head.

The following couples procured licenses to wed: Jacob C. Bault to Miss Mattie Montgomery.

Sam Barbee has purchased of E. M. Burton the residence in the mill district, known as the E. L. Moss property.

Roy Stotts sold his farm, containing 50 acres, four miles from Columbia, on Burkesville road, to Isiah Henson, for \$1,100.

Wanted, from Oct. 21st to Oct. 25th inclusive, geese and ducks full feathered, at a fancy price. S. H. Grinstead & Co.

W. A. Garnett sold to Allen Walker twenty head of cattle at 10. 25 cent. The cattle were delivered last week.

Last Sunday and the Sunday before there was no preaching nor Sunday schools in town.

Mrs. Martha Ann Stotts, who was the wife of Hiram Stotts, died recently in the Breeding settlement.

For Sale.

One pure bred, Big Type Poland China Boar. Will weigh 125 pounds. Bascom Dohoney.

Lost.

Open face gold watch, considerably worn. Finder return and get reward. J. Clyde Marshall, Glensfork, Ky.

Judge Rollin Hurt is the largest individual subscriber for Fourth Liberty bonds, in Adair county, his amt. being \$2,900.

Matha E. Cravens, of Miller, Russell county, died in France from wounds.

Ores Barger sold his farm, containing 100 acres, to Silas Cain, \$7,600.

Stray Hog.

I have at my place a sandy colored barrow hog, weight, about 125 pounds, split in left ear and right ear cropped. Owner may pay cost and claim.

J. C. Breeding.

Ernest Goulet, of Bakerton, is reported killed in action in France.

Mr. E. L. Fosse, Miss Mamie Smith and Mrs. L. Pickett, all this office, are down sick.

For Sale.

Four sows and pigs. Three sows are pure bred Duroc, and one Poland China.

G. R. Reed.

H. T. Baker.

A BIT OF HOME WITHIN THE CAMP

A long, low building of frame construction, attractively planned, with wide verandas and a homelike aspect. Outside are hanging the flags—the Stars and Stripes, which must soon be taken in as it is nearly sunset, and another flag bearing a little triangle of blue and the letters Y. W. C. A. It is a fall afternoon and the air is a bit sharp. Through the front windows of the house the woman approaching up the walk can see the cheerful glow of an open fireplace. There is the sound of a piano and some one is singing.

The woman, who is slight and young and tired-looking, puts her heavy suitcase down on the walk and shifts the baby she is carrying to the other arm. She listens a minute, then picks up the luggage and walks bravely up to the front door. Some one has heard her coming and is there to meet her. Some one always is in places like this. The door is thrown open and a kind woman's voice says: "Oh, do come in and rest. Let me take the baby." The baby is passed over and the stranger, worn from a long journey, tired and sad, is given the welcome which only the Y. W. C. A. hostesses know how to give.

She explains that she has come to see John before he leaves for the front. She has been saving her money for traveling expenses, and has come to surprise him. John has never seen the baby, and now maybe he never will, for she has discovered that John has just left on a two days' furlough to surprise her. Before she could get a train back to her home John's furlough will have expired and he will be on his way back to camp. The little mother does not know how to meet the situation and tears of fatigue and disappointment begin to flow.

"Well, that's too bad," says the sympathetic Y. W. C. A. worker. "But cheer up. You can just stay here for a couple of days. We'll send a wire to John at the first place his train stops and tell him to take the next train back. He can enjoy his furlough here."

This is done and the little family has a glorious day of it.

The Young Women's Christian association has established 92 hostess houses of this character for American soldiers and sailors and their families. In this brief bulletin of news lies one of the most potent factors in the winning of this war. Our boys are fighting for their homes. The Y. W. C. A. with its hostess' work in this country and in France is helping to keep the ideal of American home life constantly before the men who are protecting it. These men had to go away from their individual homes, but there is a home which follows them—a place where they can go when they are off duty and meet their families and rest.

There is a room in every Y. W. C. A. hostess house with a real fireplace in it and a domestic hearth. There are chairs with cushions on them; the china is not of the iron-bound bucket variety necessary in camps; and best of all, the boys say, there are nice women to talk to. No boy in camp would hesitate to ask his mother or sister or the girl he thinks most of to meet him at a Y. W. C. A. house, for he knows that the women she will see there are of the right kind. The very fact that it is known that there is a real, homey place near each camp authorized by the war department, and presided over by dignified and refined women, has served very largely to discourage the other type of woman and keep her away from the men she formerly preyed upon.

The Y. W. C. A. houses are not established with any view to marking class lines, however, although many of the hostesses who assist led lives of greatest ease and luxury before the war. Democracy rules at the sign of the little Blue Triangle.

A story is told of a great merchant's wife whose individual fortune amounts to the million mark. This lady is a member of one of the Y. W. C. A. committees, and on one occasion she was helping in the cafeteria of a hostess house at the Great Lakes naval training station. A little shopgirl who had a "day off" from her work in the basement of the great store owned by the Y. W. C. A. worker's husband, and who had come to see her sailor brother, was in a State street hurry for service. She sharply ordered the merchant's wife to "look alive with these forks, girlie."

The lady addressed as "girlie" quite humbly saw to it that the pile of forks was replenished. Then she went over and talked to the girl, helped her to locate her brother and sent her away happy. The shopgirl never knew that she had been talking to her employer's wife.

There are two hostess houses at the Great Lakes station, and it is a wonderful sight to see the crowds of women relatives and friends of the sailors who throng to them on the Wednesday drill afternoons. From 1,000 to 3,000 a day are cared for in the hostess houses, and the number is full for babies, who are there safe while their mothers are away.

H. T. Baker.

regard in Paris as a center for transient women war workers overseas. There are also many foyers or recreation centers in France where girl munitions workers, signal corps girls and others are refreshed and brightened by association with the play leaders of the Y. W. C. A. who have introduced American gymnasium classes into French life.

THE BLUE TRIANGLE AT RUSSIA'S FRONT

The Blue Triangle clubrooms in Petrograd were in half shadow. A few scattered candles flung gleams as persistent and as vague as Russia's hope of liberty. A hundred Russian girls and six young men were guests of the first Young Women's Christian association in all Russia. It was a gala afternoon tea but it was dark because the winter days end at three o'clock and there is a restriction on the use of candles and kerosene as well as of electricity.

The girls were making merry even in the gloom of winter, the twilight and the tragedy of war. One slender white-faced girl, with purple-shadowed eyes was merrier than all the rest. Her wit and ringing laugh were contagious.

"Sonya is wonderful tonight," one girl whispered to another as she stirred gently into her tea the one lump of sugar doled out carefully for the party. The Y. W. C. A. secretaries had been saving the sugar for months—putting aside at each meal one of the two lumps served with the coffee in the restaurant, that there might be a bit of sweet for this first party. There was no bread.

"Sonya is not drinking her tea," her pale little admirer went on, "yet she faints this morning at the factory and the forewoman said she was hungry."

"We're all hungry," was the monotonous reply. "It wasn't that."

Something stopped the laughter and talk suddenly but the bush that fell in the dimly lit room was as joyous as the gaiety. One of Russia's greatest singers stood by the piano and lifted up her glorious voice filled with the tears and heartbreak that people at peace call thrills.

They went away early when the music was done—these sad-eyed, half-starved little guests of the Blue Triangle—for danger lurks in the dark of Petrograd streets, robberies and murders—sharp little by-products of a nation's chaos and a world at war.

Sonya lingered after the others were gone. She was standing close by the secretary-hostess' chair when she turned from saying good-night to the last one of the other girls. The laughter had died out of the girl's eyes and the gaiety from her voice.

"Will you give me a note to the factory superintendent," she asked, "telling him I'm attending classes here at night?" She spoke in French, for she knew no English, and the secretary, no Russian.

"Yes, if it will help you." The secretary was glad to give her such a note but she was curious. "Tell me why."

"If he knows the girls are going to night classes he won't put us on the night shift. He will let us work days so we can come. Yesterday I asked for the night shift. Today I have changed my mind."

The secretary wondered. Sonya had not been in any of the classes. Had the bright little party given her an interest in the work of the association? Had the friendliness of the American secretaries reached her? Was it the music that had given her an impetus to study toward something beyond a factory?

"What is it that interests you?" the secretary asked her. "You are not in any of the classes now, are you? What is it you want to take up?"

"This morning I looked out the factory window," and Sonya's voice reminded the secretary of the call of a night bird before a storm. "Down in the courtyard was a crowd and three men were killed. Killed by the police—the bolshevik police, while I stood there and watched. They said they were anarchists. One was my brother. Another was my sweetheart. I came here tonight to forget. But I cannot forget. Always I will remember. I want nothing now but to carry on their work, and to do that I must study and learn—I must learn English and many other things. I want to go in all the classes. If the foreman at the factory knows I do that, he will help. He will let me work days."

In the dark, the hunger, the cold, and the terror of Petrograd, the Blue Triangle is sending out its shining invitation to the bewildered women and young girls of Russia. It is offering a little oasis in the midst of the chaos where they may come and rest and relax, play games, listen to music, study English, French, stenography, bookkeeping, or music and as one tired girl expressed it, "forget for the moment that they are in Petrograd. Most of the girls who gather at the sign of the Blue Triangle are hungry and discouraged, but they are coming to the Y. W. C. A. for help and comfort."

"In Petrograd and elsewhere in Russia," says Miss Charlissa Spencer, world secretary of the Y. W. C. A. who started the work in Russia, "girls formerly employed in government offices come to us who have struck against the bolsheviks. They're out of jobs. They're hungry. One girl told me she couldn't take gymnasium work. It gave her such an appetite. But they refuse to return to work for the bolsheviks."

Miss Helen Ogden, one of the Y. W. C. A. secretaries who was forced to leave Petrograd on account of the German advance, writes home that: "It's like living on the screen of a melodrama to be in Russia. Bullets and shooting are almost as familiar street sounds here as the clang of the street car and the honk of the automobile at home. Here we learn to live and work under frequent shooting and street battles and to flee only when we are told by the authorities that we must."

BOND SALES DO NOT REACH EXPECTATIONS IN EIGHTH DISTRICT

State Chairmen Urge Workers to Exert Resources to Reach Goal of Drive.

The Eighth Federal Reserve District is not making the progress in the Fourth Liberty Loan drive that was expected of it. There is a qualifying situation, however, and that is the State Chairmen realize the situation and are putting in every effort to recuperate these shortcomings.

Several of the states have exceeded expectations to date, but the "pep" that has been shown in the past is not so clearly apparent in the present drive. It, consequently, is necessary for every salesman throughout the entire Eighth District of buckle up his belt and start in with renewed determination and the required vigor to overcome the obstacles met in the first week of the canvass.

"The responses made to the Liberty Loan subscriptions in this campaign thus far are very discouraging," declared Festus J. Wade, president of the St. Louis Mercantile Trust Co., who is in direct touch with the situation throughout the Eighth District.

"The people do not seem to realize that they must double and treble the amount of their subscriptions to the Fourth Liberty Loan. There is absolutely no excuse that can be offered by any merchant, manufacturer, commercial establishment, or individual who has credit in the bank, to fail to double and treble his subscription to the Fourth Liberty Loan, no matter what it may be."

Must Speed Up.

The one consoling feature in the situation is that it developed early in the canvass for subscriptions, allowing sufficient time for all of the State Chairmen, and the assistant down to the volunteers soliciting subscriptions, to overcome the handicaps apparent at the outset of the drive.

There should be no let-up in any district. In spite of all the advertisements the Eighth Federal Reserve District must subscribe for the allotment assigned to it. The only way it can be done is for each one connected with the work to exert every energy to win. The same determination and energy must be displayed as the soldiers in the trenches display when the redoubts of the enemy seem insurmountable. These troops in the trenches never concede there is any possibility of their not reaching the destined point.

NAVY'S BOND SUBMARINE

Washington Shows Liberty Loan Subscription From Jackies.

The first shot in the Navy Liberty Loan Campaign was fired with the subscription of more than \$20,000 by 90 per cent of the personnel in the office of Rear Admiral T. J. Cowie, Navy Liberty Loan Officer, before the opening of the campaign.

In Admiral Cowie's office in Washington converge lines of communication with U. S. naval forces all over the world. Everything is ready for the radiographing to this place of Liberty Bond subscriptions from every ship and station of the Navy.

Sinking the submarine is the Navy's particular aim in the Fourth Liberty Loan. On two big signboard paintings put up outside the enormous new Navy building in Washington, the submarine will begin to go down with the first dollars that come in from Navy men, and it will continue to go down until the Navy has sunk the U-boat by bonds as well as bombs.

Lieut. Henry Reuterdahl came to Washington to execute the signboard show German U-boats are destroyed, sinking further and further as subscriptions to the loan come in. "Every bluejacket is a 100 per cent fighter," said Admiral Cowie. "As long as everything he can with his brain and his hands is in the line of duty, so he will use his money to the full. On this principle the Navy is coming into action with its campaign."

Camp Meade.

Editor News:

If you will allow me space in your paper will drop a few lines. This leaves me well and strong. I am on the Maryland State rifle range, have been since Sept. 26. I will go back to camp to morrow. We just got back from another range before coming here. I will try and describe the trip the best I can. We got orders on the 7th of Sept. to pack our stuff ready to leave the following morning, the wagons were brought up and loaded with provisions and other stuff to be used while on the march. We all went to bed thinking of the next day. We were soon asleep and knew no more until the first call for me, which was at 5:30. And the first tap of the bugle every one sprung out of bed and began dress. We were surprised to find it raining and it being Sunday that made it worse than

We ate breakfast at 6:00 and at 8:00 was ready to begin the march. We all wore our ponches over our packs to keep us dry. We arrived at the range about 12:00 and it was still raining, so we begin to run into the tents like so many rats, and began to unroll our packs and prepare our bunks to sleep on. We filled the bed sacks with straw and put two of them side by side on the ground, that gave us two blankets to the bed for each soldier has one blanket. My bed mate was a Ky. boy, Tomie Sanders. We sure had some old time at night as we sat in the dim light of the candle telling funny things that happened during the day. We never missed a day for 14 days not even Sunday's when we kept busy. We had been there about ten days when the Captain decided we needed a bath, so we were dismissed about 3:30 p. m. and the Seargent marched us to a creek where the water was about ten feet deep and we sure enjoyed a good old time swim. It sure made me think of when I was a boy at home on old Green River.

Well we finished up shooting at noon Sunday the 22nd and left for camp singing, for we were glad to get back to the barracks. We arrived at 5:30 tired and ready for some sleep. This ends my story so will close with love to all.

Pvt. Loren Grant,
Co. "I" 17th Inf.
Camp Meade, M. D.

Camp Meade, Md.

Have just been reading the News and found many interesting letters from boys in the service. Paying particular attention to the interest my friend Stapp "over there" has in his home paper.

I happened to notice mention in the News of T. A. Judd taking up work in central officers Training School at Camp Taylor. He was chosen from the ranks of this the machine Gun Co. of 11th, Inf. He happened to be my personal friend and bunker. Therefore I am more than willing to state that he is worthy of the commission awaiting him.

Boys of Machine Gun Co. were reminded last night that winter was coming, and as a token of comfortability were issued three more blankets each, making in

all five for each man. We also got a new overcoat. We are earnestly inviting cold weather and feel that we can give it a warm reception.

Some of our pals having been caught carrying concealed weapons ("Spanish Influenza guns") having been convicted and sent to the Base Hospital.

I was fortunate enough to get a pass home last week and it seemed like a visit to the Holy Land.

Was asked several time while at home, when my outfit was "going over." Our comrades are passing over unit by unit, and we are anxiously awaiting the orders, when they arrive we are ready one and all to step off on the first command.

We expect to be prepared to tell what they have for the Xmas dinner in France, and hope to celebrate July 4th at our respective homes. Lt. Nixon says we will just get there in time to "Police up." But I am calculating on something else. Look out! Fritz boy we have our Brownie trained on you.

A. C. Wolford,
M. G. Co. 17 Inf.
Camp Meade, Md.

From Camp Taylor.

Dear Mother:

I heard from home this forenoon and will write you a letter. This leaves me fine and dandy and hope it will find you folks enjoying the same good blessing.

We are hitting the ball every day except Sunday and are preparing for the task that means so much to all of us. All the boys seem anxious to cross the pond. We have read so much about the front that we are tired of reading and talking and want our Camp Taylor boys to be the ones, or at least, part of the crew that plucks the Kaiser's mustache. I know we have a bunch of fellows that will make him dance the double shuffle and he will be glad to do it. Our boys over there now have them running like rats and what they are doing is nothing more than an advertisement of what we are going to do. We are so glad to read of the victories of our boys and trust they will continue the drive. No doubt some of the 43 Co. which expects to go across in the near future, will have the pleasure of chasing some of those round-heads at the points of their bayonet. I am ready to throw up hat and yell for them at any time. If the war should close and we did not get a chance at those dirty murderers, we would feel like slackers, even after serving all these long willing hours at Camp Taylor. We don't feel yet like we have done our bit and won't until we plant Old Glory in Berlin.

Had I been exempted after knowing what I do now about the war, I would be ashamed to meet a fellow with a khaki uniform on. We are always glad to see those fellows who are willing to do their bit but away with a cowardly slacker who will hang around a real soldier, then hide behind a woman's skirt. We can pick them out unless they have had a long spell of sickness or have lost about ten night's sleep. One of those fellows who refused to fight for his country was dragged around by the hair until he

was willing to do anything that might be put on him. The last thing I saw of him he was on a wheelbarrow, going toward the guard house where he is serving a nice little sentence.

We are living a real soldier's life now, living in tents and eating off the ground. It would make a vinegar barrel laugh to see us Yankees devour the delicious food we are getting.

Just a word to the mothers who have boys doing their bit for Uncle Sam. Don't you worry about your boys as they are getting the best of everything and having the easiest times of their lives. The biggest thing we have to do is sign the pay roll and if we get sick we have good looking girls to wait on us so why should we worry?

It is every American's duty to sacrifice everything possible to win this war. We will win. We have got to win. Our boys over there are in a great struggle. They are fighting for us, for their lives and for democracy. Much better will it be when the boys of Camp Taylor march upon the battlefield of France to be hailed by the soldiers of the Allied world as the men who fight under the inspiration of Abraham Lincoln.

It is drill time so I will have to close. Now mother don't worry about your grown-up baby boy for all is well with me and I am pleased with with army life. Wherever Uncle Sam sends me I intend to fight for Old Glory.
Willie Willis.

First Novel of America in the Great War

Victor Rousseau, author of many popular stories, has written a gripping romance that deals with the forces which are now fighting on the "frontier of freedom."

Bride of Battle

Is an up-to-the-minute story that will bring a thrill to every American who reads it. There are mystery, romance and real fighting in it. The vivid word-picture of the battle which raged all day in the streets of the little French village will set your blood tingling.

This story will appear soon as a serial in this paper.

Watch For It!

Bride of Battle

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU
Author of "The Messiah of the Cylinder," "His Second Bell," "Etc."

This is a gripping romance of the American army fighting in France, picturing scenes that are being enacted now by the boys in khaki on the battlefields across the sea.

It is the story of the hour and it will be our next serial.

Watch for the First Chapter

Try our Advertisement Columns. It will pay you.

CAPTURED GERMAN GUNS ON 2 TRAINS IN EIGHTH DISTRICT

LIBERTY LOAN ORGANIZATION SENDS WONDERFUL WAR EXHIBITS TO THIS SECTION.

VARIOUS WEAPONS TO BE SEEN

Gas Masks, Shells and Depth Bombs Included in Collection of Trophies.

Two solid trains, laden with the most comprehensive exhibits of war materials ever shown west of the Mississippi River, with cannon captured from the Germans in the present world war, trophies from many of the battlefields, and with specimens of the accoutrements used by the Americans, British and French, are touring the seven states making up the Eighth Federal Reserve District in the interest of the Liberty Loan Organization.

In the Third Liberty Loan Campaign exhibit trains toured the country, but then the material at hand was so scanty that it was impossible to show sufficient to arouse the interest of the spectator.

For the Fourth Loan it is different. In vast warehouses in South St. Louis during the past three months was assembled a wonderful collection of the arms of the nations at war. There were the gas masks used by the French and the Germans in their struggles for the world supremacy, placed in passenger coaches temporarily converted into exhibit cars.

There are hundreds of the various kinds of hand grenades used by the Central Powers and the Allies. Swords, cutlasses, daggers, trench knives used by the Marines, and hundreds of other specimens of small arms, all of which have been active service.

Big Guns on Flat Cars. On flat cars that comprise a part of the train are great guns captured from the Germans and Austrians, all camouflaged and mounted the same as they were the day the victorious Allies overcame the Huns and took thousands of prisoners.

Machine guns, the kind used by the Americans and by all of the nations, are fastened on the cars and mounted so that the veriest tyro in the war game may understand the terrible effectiveness of these deadly weapons.

One of the interesting exhibits is the array of air bombs, the kind that the American birdmen are carrying over the frontier now and will drop on the industrial region in the Rhine Valley and hasten the end of the war.

There are depth bombs, that have proven so effective in removing the submarine menace, and when one understands the terrible power of the explosive contained in the harmless-looking cans he will understand how the submarine commanders dread to see the approach of the American destroyer that makes a specialty of dropping these depth bombs over the spot where the undersea craft submerges.

There is row after row of the great shells that screech over the battle fronts, each shell so marked that the beholder may realize in a measure the damage that can be wrought when thousands of giant guns are hurling these dreadful missiles miles through space and causing them to explode within the enemy lines.

Every implement of warfare, the kind that the daily papers mention in every engagement, is shown in countless numbers, and each is so labeled that the spectator may know and understand.

All Fully Explained. Then there are pictures, charts and literature that accompany the trains. With each train is a corps of speakers, civilians, and soldiers who have seen actual service and who are sent back to recover from their wounds. These speakers describe the various arms and the soldiers describe the battles in which they fought and in which they received their wounds. The train is made up of flat cars, day coaches, sleepers and cafe cars. The workers in charge of the train live thereon and will remain until the end of the campaign. The routes are arranged and no changes can be made in them.

TOTAL WAR COSTS

The war is costing the United States government \$18,000,000,000 a year. The actual expenditures for July were \$1,508,282,650. This is at the rate of \$50,000,000 a day, or more than \$2,000,000 an hour. To make it simpler and more emphatic, we can say the costs are \$33,000 a minute, or \$555 a second. But the success of our boys in France is well worth it. Let's keep them going by investing in Liberty Bonds of the Fourth Loan.

SELFISHLY UNSELFISH

We're being very unselfish when we deprive ourselves of pleasures and amusements and "non-essentials" and buy Liberty Bonds. Yes, all very true, but we're being mighty selfish, too! For we're saving money for our own precious selves which will draw interest which will be paid regularly and which, as at last we all realize, is a mighty good thing to do, and we realize, too, we're getting the safest investment in the world.

Bride of Battle

A Romance of the AMERICAN ARMY FIGHTING on the BATTLEFIELDS of FRANCE

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU



This is a story of two American wars. It begins with the assault of the American forces upon the Spanish defenders of Santiago in the days of '98 and the scenes of the closing chapters are laid upon the steel-swept fields of France where the soldiers of the great republic of the western world are battling the foes of humanity and civilization.

Intrigue, mystery, chivalry, love, feats of bravery on the field of honor—all these elements are interwoven in a story that mystifies and grips and thrills.

This first up-to-the-minute novel of the new America—the America upon whose arms rests the fate of the world—will appear as a serial in this paper, beginning in an early issue.

Watch for the Opening Installment

LIVER DIDN'T ACT DIGESTION WAS BAD

Says 65 year Old Kentucky Lady, Who Tells How She Was Relieved After a Few Doses of Black-Draught.

Meadersville, Ky.—Mrs. Cynthia Higginbotham, of this town, says: "At my age, which is 65, the liver does not act so well as when young. A few years ago, my stomach was all out of fix. I was constipated, my liver didn't act. My digestion was bad, and it took so little to upset me. My appetite was gone. I was very weak... I decided I would give Black-Draught a thorough trial as I knew it was highly recommended for this trouble. I began taking it. I felt better after a few doses. My appetite improved and I became stronger. My bowels acted naturally and the least trouble was soon right with a few

doses of Black-Draught." Seventy years of successful use has made Thedford's Black-Draught a standard, household remedy. Every member, of every family, at times, need the help that Black-Draught can give in cleansing the system and relieving the troubles that come from constipation, indigestion, lazy liver, etc. You cannot keep well unless your stomach, liver and bowels are in good working order. Keep them that way, Try Black-Draught. It acts promptly, gently and in a natural way. If you feel sluggish, take a dose tonight. You will feel fresh tomorrow. Price 25c. a package—One cent a dose. All druggists. J. G.

City Work at Country Pices.

The Adair County New is equipped for the highest grades of Job printing, Book work, and Advertising specialties. We have on hand a very large stock of every kind and grade of paper and supplies. All Jobs promptly done and work guaranteed. On account of our location in the country our prices are very reasonable. We appreciate our large mail order

business. We solicit work under competitive bids or otherwise. When work is unsatisfactory, return at our expense. The best and largest equipped country plant in Kentucky.

The tax-books are now in my hand and I am ready to receive taxes. I or one of my deputies will be at my office daily. Tax-payers are requested to call as rapidly as possible.
Cortez Sanders, Sheriff.
43-11

UNCLE SAM'S ADVICE ON FLU

U. S. Public Health Service Issues
Official Health Bulletin
on Influenza.

LATEST WORD ON SUBJECT.

Epidemic Probably Not Spanish in
Origin—Germ Still Unknown—Peo-
ple Should Guard Against "Droplet
Infection"—Surgeon General Blue
Makes Authoritative Statement.

Washington, D. C.—(Special.)—Al-
though King Alphonso of Spain was
one of the victims of the influenza epi-
demic in 1893 and again this summer,
Spanish authorities repudiate any
claim to influenza as a "Spanish" dis-
ease. If the people of this country do
not take care the epidemic will be-
come so widespread throughout the
United States that soon we shall hear
the disease called "American" influ-
enza.

In response to a request for definite
information concerning Spanish influ-
enza, Surgeon General Rupert Blue of
the U. S. Public Health Service has
authorized the following official inter-
view:

What Spanish Influenza? Is it
something new? Does it come from
Spain?

"The disease now occurring in this
country and called 'Spanish Influenza'
resembles a very contagious kind
of 'cold' accompanied by fever, pains

Coughs and Sneezes Spread Diseases



As Dangerous as Poison Gas Shells

In the head, eyes, ears, back or other
parts of the body and a feeling of
severe sickness. In most of the cases the
symptoms disappear after three or four
days, the patient then rapidly recover-
ing. Some of the patients, however,
develop pneumonia, or inflammation
of the ear, or meningitis, and many of
these complicated cases die. Whether
this so-called 'Spanish' influenza is
identical with the epidemics of influ-
enza of earlier years is not yet known.

"Epidemics of influenza have visited
this country since 1647. It is interest-
ing to know that this first epidemic
was brought here from Valencia,
Spain. Since that time there have
been numerous epidemics of the dis-
ease. In 1889 and 1890 an epidemic
of influenza, starting somewhere in the
Orient, spread first to Russia and
thence over practically the entire civ-
ilized world. Three years later there
was another flare-up of the disease.
Both times the epidemic spread wide-
ly over the United States.

"Although the present epidemic is
called 'Spanish influenza,' there is no
reason to believe that it originated in
Spain. Some writers who have studied
the question believe that the epidemic
came from the Orient and they call
attention to the fact that the Germans
mention the disease as occurring along
the eastern front in the summer and
fall of 1917."

How can "Spanish influenza" be re-
cognized?

"There is as yet no certain way in
which a single case of 'Spanish influ-
enza' can be recognized. On the other
hand, recognition is easy where there
is a group of cases. In contrast
to the outbreaks of ordinary coughs
and colds, which usually occur in the
cold months, epidemics of influenza
may occur at any season of the year.
Thus the present epidemic raged most
intensely in Europe in May, June and
July. Moreover, in the case of ordi-
nary colds, the general symptoms
(fever, pain, depression) are by no
means as severe or as sudden in their
onset as they are in influenza. Final-
ly, ordinary colds do not spread
through the community so rapidly or
so extensively as does influenza.

"In most cases a person taken sick
with influenza feels sick rather sud-
denly. He feels weak, has pains in the
eyes, ears, head or back, and may be
sore all over. Many patients feel
dizzy, some vomit. Most of the pa-
tients complain of feeling chilly, and
with this comes a fever in which the
temperature rises to 100 to 104. In
most cases the pulse remains relative-
ly slow.

"In appearance one is struck by the
fact that the patient looks sick. His
eyes and the inner side of his eyelids
may be slightly 'bloodshot,' or 'con-
gested,' as the doctors say. There
may be running from the nose, or
there may be some cough. These signs
of a cold may not be marked; never-
theless the patient looks and feels very
sick.

"In addition to the appearance and
the symptoms as already described,
examination of the patient's blood may
aid the physician in recognizing 'Span-
ish influenza,' for it has been found

that in this disease the number of
white corpuscles shows little or no in-
crease above the normal. It is possi-
ble that the laboratory investigations
now being made through the National
Research Council and the United
States Hygienic Laboratory will fur-
nish a more certain way in which in-
dividual cases of this disease can be
recognized."

What is the course of the disease?
Do people die of it?

"Ordinarily, the fever lasts from
three to four days and the patient re-
covers. But while the proportion of
deaths in the present epidemic has
generally been low, in some places the
outbreak has been severe and deaths
have been numerous. When death oc-
curs it is usually the result of a com-
plication."

What causes the disease and how is
it spread?

"Bacteriologists who have studied in-
fluenza epidemics in the past have
found in many of the cases a very
small rod-shaped germ called, after its
discoverer, Pfeiffer's bacillus. In other
cases of apparently the same kind of
disease there were found pneumococci,
the germs of lobar pneumonia. Still
others have been caused by strepto-
cocci, and by others germs with long
names.

"No matter what particular kind of
germ causes the epidemic, it is now
believed that influenza is always
spread from person to person, the
germs being carried with the air along
with the very small droplets of mucus,
expelled by coughing or sneezing,
forceful talking, and the like by one
who already has the germs of the dis-
ease. They may also be carried about
in the air in the form of dust coming
from dried mucus, from coughing and
sneezing, or from careless people who
spit on the floor and on the sidewalk.
As in most other catching diseases, a
person who has only a mild attack of
the disease himself may give a very
severe attack to others."

What should be done by those who
catch the disease?

"It is very important that every per-
son who becomes sick with influenza
should go home at once and go to bed.
This will help keep away dangerous
complications and will, at the same
time, keep the patient from scattering
the disease far and wide. It is highly
desirable that no one be allowed to
sleep in the same room with the pa-
tient. In fact, no one but the nurse
should be allowed in the room.

"If there is cough and sputum or
running of the eyes and nose, care
should be taken that all such dis-
charges are collected on bits of gauze
or rag or paper napkins and burned.
If the patient complains of fever and
headache, he should be given water to
drink, a cold compress to the forehead
and a light sponge. Only such medi-
cine should be given as is prescribed
by the doctor. It is foolish to ask the
druggist to prescribe and may be dan-
gerous to take the so-called 'safe, sure
and harmless' remedies advertised by
patent medicine manufacturers.

"If the patient is so situated that he
can be attended only by some one who
must also look after others in the fam-
ily, it is advisable that such attendant
wear a wrapper, apron or gown over
the ordinary house clothes while in the
sick room and slip this off when leav-
ing to look after the others.

"Nurses and attendants will do well
to guard against breathing in danger-
ous disease germs by wearing a simple
fold of gauze or mask while near the
patient."

Will a person who has had influenza
before catch the disease again?

"It is well known that an attack of
measles or scarlet fever or smallpox
usually protects a person against an-
other attack of the same disease. This
appears not to be true of 'Spanish in-
fluenza.' According to newspaper re-
ports the King of Spain suffered an
attack of influenza during the epi-
demic thirty years ago, and was again
stricken during the recent outbreak in
Spain."

How can one guard against influ-
enza?

"In guarding against disease of all
kinds, it is important that the body be
kept strong and able to fight off dis-
ease germs. This can be done by hav-
ing a proper proportion of work, play
and rest, by keeping the body well
clothed, and by eating sufficient whole-
some and properly selected food. In
connection with diet, it is well to re-
member that milk is one of the best
all-around foods obtainable for adults
as well as children. So far as a dis-
ease like influenza is concerned, health
authorities everywhere recognize the
very close relation between its spread
and overcrowded homes. While it is
not always possible, especially in
times like the present, to avoid such
overcrowding, people should consider
the health danger and make every
effort to reduce the home overcrowd-
ing to a minimum. The value of fresh
air through open windows cannot be
over emphasized.

"When crowding is unavoidable, as
in street cars, care should be taken to
keep the face so turned as not to in-
hale directly the air breathed out by
another person.

"It is especially important to be-
ware of the person who coughs or
sneezes without covering his mouth
and nose. It also follows that one
should keep out of crowds and stuffy
places as much as possible, keep
homes, offices and workshops well air-
ed, spend some time out of doors each
day, walk to work if at all practicable
—in short, make every possible effort
to breathe as much pure air as pos-
sible.

"In all health matters follow the ad-
vice of your doctor and obey the regu-
lations of your local and state health
officers."

"Cover up each cough and sneeze,
if you don't you'll spread disease."

BONDS WILL DIVIDE CITIZENS INTO TWO CLASSES AFTER WAR

There Will Be Those Who Draw Inter-
est and Others Who Merely
Pay Taxes.

After the war there will be two classes
of citizens—those who will pay taxes
and draw interest and those who
will pay taxes.

In which class will you come?
Every man and woman in America
must recognize this fact—the war
must go on, and it must be paid for.
Liberty Bonds offer an opportunity
for service to those who cannot fight
at the front. They provide the means
for that other form of service, war
financing.

The purchase of bonds is a national
necessity. It is one of those rare ne-
cessities which is a blessing undis-
guised in that it carries its own
reward.

The personal benefits derived from
the possession of Liberty Bonds will
cover a period of years. Their strength
lies in the fact that their value is cu-
mulative.

Loyal Americans need no induc-
ement to lend the necessary financial
support to the government which
stands for all that civilization means
to the world. But their willingness to
give that support carries with it the
added satisfaction of return in future
time. Their bread, cast upon troubled
waters, will return many fold.

With the opening of the Fourth Lib-
erty Loan America's stay-at-homes
have a new opportunity to decide the
question, "In which class will you
come?"

FAVOR REGISTERED BONDS

These Securities Possess Many Ad-
vantages Over the Coupon
Bonds.

In recent weeks there has been a
heavy movement to convert coupon
bonds into registered bonds. This
course is encouraged and advised by
government officials at Washington,
the registration feature involving nu-
merous valuable advantages of safety
and facility. For holders who have
purchased to get an income from their
investment, and hold indefinitely, re-
gistered bonds are undoubtedly the
proper form of security.

The easiest and safest way for the
purchaser to register his bonds is to
take them to his banker, who will for-
ward them to the Federal Reserve
Bank for registration.

With the registered bonds all risk
and possibility of loss by theft is ob-
viated. This class of bonds is not
negotiable, save with the signature and
consent of the owner. The interest is
mailed by the Treasury Department
on maturity days, so that the holders
have not even the trouble of clipping
and banking coupons. The procedure
is the same as with stock dividends,
the owner holding the certificate and
the owning company mailing out divi-
dend checks.

There is never a failure to earn the
interest or default in payment. So
long as our government lasts the regu-
lar interest installments will come
along, and at the end of the term
through which the bonds run the prin-
cipal will be paid in full. No annuity
arrangement with a private corpora-
tion can be more satisfactory.

HONOR FLAGS IN LOAN DRIVE

To Be Awarded Communities and In-
dustrial Concerns "Over
the Top."

Honor emblems are to be awarded
in the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign
to communities and industrial con-
cerns that go "over the top" as a whole
in subscriptions to the Fourth Liberty
Loan. The plan to be used is that of
distributing to communities that ex-
ceed their quotas Fourth Liberty Loan
Honor Flags, and to industrial con-
cerns and other organizations whose
employees or members subscribe to this
extent of 75 per cent of their number.

The community honor flag to be
used in the Fourth Liberty Loan is
similar to the one used in the Third
Loan, except that it will have four
bars instead of three. The Liberty
Loan Executive Committee of the
Eighth Federal Reserve District will
have charge of the competition in this
district. They will give special dis-
tinction to communities for large over-
subscription and will add stars to the
flags of such.

The industrial honor pennant is a
new award to be made, and it is ex-
pected that plants and organizations
of all kinds will enter into the spirit
that the coming of the pennant will
suggest. The number of individual
subscriptions is expected to increase
largely on account of the pennants.
Window cardboard emblems to indi-
cate the percentage attained by indus-
tries will be furnished, and those who
make the 75 per cent required will be
permitted to purchase through the
local Liberty Loan Organization the
permanent Liberty Loan honor pen-
nant with its final standing indicated
on it.

Both the honor flag and pennant are
protected by patents, so that they can-
not be reproduced or used without
permission from the local Liberty
Loan Committee.

CHURCH IS STRIPPED FOR ACTION IN LOAN, DECLARES A MINISTER

Ornaments Must Be Laid Aside, Pres-
byterian Pastor Declares in
Notable Sermon.

"The children of Israel stripped them-
selves of their ornaments from Mt.
Horeb onward," quoted Rev. Dr. G. A.
Hulbert in a Fourth Liberty Loan ser-
mon last Sunday at Kingshighway
Presbyterian Church, St. Louis. The
text was from Exodus 32:6.

"The children of Israel faced the
challenge of the crisis and prepared to
meet it. This is the day when in the
church, as well as in state, 'ornam-
ents' must be laid aside. Secondary
things must take secondary places.

"The state is fighting to make the
world safe for democracy. The
church's business is to make democ-
racy safe for the world. It is the only
organization which can do that thing.
No other agency has it in its power to
bring this about.

"A man, to be safe in a democracy,
must have motives which are always
prompted by the right. Whoever has
not these is a dangerous citizen for a
democracy.

"The church's business is to save
men from sin, but that is not all.
Quite as much it is the business of the
church to save them to righteousness—
and righteousness is active, not pas-
sive.

"We may sit and sing our souls
away," but we can never sit and sing
them away to everlasting bliss. Today
the church is at Mt. Horeb. Her chal-
lenge is unmistakable. She alone has
the equipment. She has always be-
lieved in 'preparedness' for her con-
quests. She must assume the offen-
sive, and no longer doubt her right to
lead the world in moral and spiritual
ideals."

Dr. Hulbert made a plea for the
church to master the worlds of educa-
tion, Christian culture as against mere
culture, politics in that unselfish ser-
vice shall be the mark of worthiness of
leaders, industry that life may be con-
served, the play, the home and the
slums.

Right now, in the Fourth Liberty
Loan campaign, the church is at Ho-
reh, the speaker said, and she must
assume the task. She must strip her-
self for action and let the world know
for what she stands.

If the church does not rally to the
standard of the government in this
war—and therefore to the standard of
the Christ—then it will never be done
and the battle for righteousness must
be fought over again in the future.

THE TEN WAR COMMANDMENTS

Adopted by the French People and
Recommended to All Americans.

The economic and social section of
the League of Patriots, with headquar-
ters in Paris, 4 Rue Ste. Anne, has dis-
tributed a leaflet urging the French to
endure without complaint the restric-
tions imposed upon them in the interest
of their country. The following is a
copy:

1. Do not forget that we are at war.
In your smallest expenditure never lose
sight of the interests of the native
land.
2. Economize on the products neces-
sary for the life of the country: Coal,
bread, meat, milk, sugar, wine,
butter, beans, cloths, leather, oil. Ac-
cept rations. Ration yourself as to
food, clothing, amusements.
3. Save the products of French soil,
lest some day you deprive your father,
your son, your husband, who are shed-
ding their blood to defend you.
4. Save the products that France
must buy from foreign countries. Do
not drain reserves of gold, which are
indispensable to victory.
5. Waste nothing. All waste is a
crime which imperils the national de-
fense—prolongs the war.
6. Buy only according to your needs.
Do not hoard provisions; your selfish-
ness raises prices and deprives those
of smaller means of things indispensa-
ble to existence.
7. Do not travel unnecessarily. Re-
flect that our trains are, before all,
destined for the transportation of the
troops, the feeding of the population,
the needs of our national production.
8. Do not remain idle. According to
your age, and your ability, work for
your country. Do not consume with-
out producing. Idleness is desertion.
9. Accept without murmuring the pri-
vations which are imposed upon you.
Reflect upon the sufferings of those
who are fighting for you, upon the
martyrdom of the population whose
hearts have been devastated by the
enemy.
10. Remember that victory belongs
to those who can hold out a quarter of
an hour the longest.

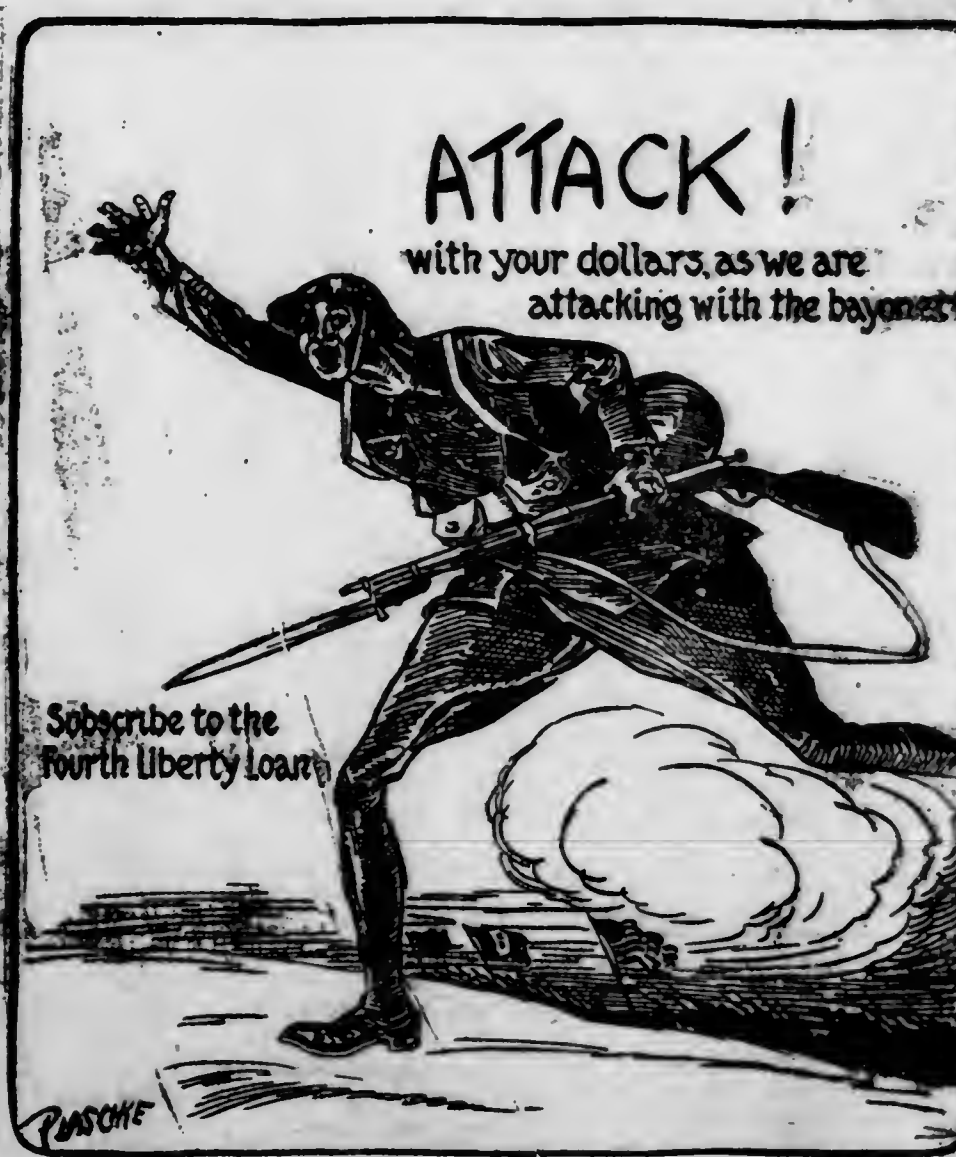
That France may live, she must be
victorious.

BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

Abraham Lincoln said: "All you
have to do is to keep the faith, to re-
main steadfast to the right, to stand
by your banner. Nothing should lead
you to leave your guns. Stand together,
ready, with match in hand."—Octo-
ber 3, 1862.

The match is your hand that
fires a gun against autocracy is a
match.

A Successful Counter Attack - - - By Page



Campbellsville Hotel

Main and Depot Streets

W. H. WILSON, 'Prop.

We cater especially to Commercial Travelers.

Electric Lights, Baths, and Free Sample Rooms.

RATES \$2.00 PER DAY.

Campbellsville, : : Kentucky.

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up Stair.

Columbia, - Kentucky

Dr. Elam Harris

DENTIST

OFFICE 164.

Residence 123 E.

OFFICE: Second Floor

Cor. Main and Depot Sts.

CAMPBELLVILLE, KY.

Local and General Anesthetic Administration

Adair County News

Published On Wednesdays.

At Columbia, Kentucky.

BARKSDALE HAMLETT, Editor

Democratic newspaper devoted to the interest of the City of Columbia and the people of Adair and adjoining counties.

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WED. OCT 16, 1918.

\$153,000 SUBSCRIBED

It was just a little hard, and it took a patriot's pull to put it over, but when men like Tom Ed Jeffries and Bob Reed undertake to do big things these things are usually done.

John Lee Walker was director of sales, and he perhaps did more untiring service than any other individual who helped to put the Fourth Liberty Loan over for Adair County.

J. R. Garnett was manager of the speakers campaign, and did his part most effectively and successfully. Carl Strange who had charge of publicity and advertising did a great job of patriotic work. In fact there were 688 people who subscribed and helped to save the day for Adair County at a very critical time.

"If ye break faith with us who die, we shall not sleep in Flanders Fields."

We have just received direct from manufacturers good assortment of Ladies Coat Suits and Coats. Can save you money on this line.

L. STAPLES & CO.

FOR SALE.—Water well casing. See Jim Goff or Frank Richardson.

Goff Bros. have reopened the Casey Jones Store and will sell goods cheaper than ever before.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to Casey Jones' Store are notified to pay Goff Bros., only, as Casey Jones is out.

Markets.

Louisville, Oct. 17.—Cattle—Prime export steers \$15.00; heavy shipping 13@15.00; light 10@13; heifers \$7.00; fat cows \$8.00; medium \$6.50; cutters \$6.25@6.75; canners \$5.00@5.25; bulls \$6.00; feeders \$8.00@12.00; stockers \$7 to \$10.00 choice milk cows \$9.50@12.50; medium \$8.00@9.50; common \$6.50@8.00.

Calves—Receipts 224 head. The market ruled steady. Best veals \$14.00@14.50; medium 10@14.00; common 6@10.00.
Hogs—Receipts 3,979 head. Prices 15c steady. The best hogs 165 lbs up \$17.75; 120 to 165 \$16.50; pigs \$14.75; roughs \$16.50; down.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 575 head no changes were noted in prices; best sheep \$8.50@9.00; bucks \$6.50@down; best lambs \$13.00@14; seconds \$9.00@10.00; culls, \$5@6.

Butter—Country 33@36c lb.
Eggs—Fresh, case count not sold candle 44¢ to 46¢

THE WESTERN FRONT AT HOME

Earn and give. For a year the young people of America have been coached in thrift. Instead of the old problem in the arithmetic book, "If Mary's mother gave her three apples, Jane gave her two, and she ate one, how many would she have?" the third grade girl is now sent to the blackboard to solve, "How many Thrift stamps at 25 cents apiece will Mary own at the end of 12 months if she saves 10 cents a week?"

The girl in the grade above her is learning in her arithmetic lesson how many Thrift stamps it takes to buy the yarn for 500 helmets for the soldiers in France. Still farther on the eighth grader is told to figure in terms of War Savings stamps how much it costs to supply a regiment of Uncle Sam's men with shelter tents.

And now the Earn and Give club of the younger girls of the Young Women's Christian association is organized to turn those Thrift lessons into giving. The children of America have been turning in pennies and nickles and pasting a green stamp on their Thrift card. The Earn and Give club can now use some of those cards and War Savings stamps in their campaign among the younger people for the united war fund.

This fall when the war council of the Y. W. C. A. made plans for the 1918 war drive, it included in its program the rule that no young girls under eighteen can do any soliciting, on the streets or otherwise. They can give, but they can only give by earning. Consequently in order to co-ordinate the efforts of the girls in all the districts over the country, the Earn and Give club is enrolling members and has given out an estimate of \$5 apiece to be earned for the war fund campaign by the American girls who still count their age in 'teens. Five dollars apiece from the younger girls of the country will mean that the nation as a whole will fill its charitable organizations' war chest.

Some high school girl in New York city is going to earn her \$5 by shining her own shoes instead of stopping at the Greek stand on her way to school and by making her own sandwiches for her noon lunch. Out in Iowa the girl who has been spending 15 cents plus war tax for a movie three nights a week is going to draw a line through the movie habit except when there is an especially good bill. More than one girl plans to clean all her own gloves this winter and to salvage all the paper and collections of junk about the house which should be sold to the junk man to be worked over into some productive industry. The girls in their 'teens are going to earn instead of ask others for the money. They are to sacrifice and give in their own names and older women will make the public requests for money elsewhere.

Many of the girls who are waiting to join the Earn and Give club are already Patriotic Leaguers, and they have learned several practical lessons in the thrift that will make them effective members of the new club by their conservation of fruits and vegetables. They have canned and pickled. Now when the end of summer brings the beginning of school they will change their thrift into winter thrift and begin saving their \$5 for the Y. W. C. A. war fund.

"Wherever You Are Is the Western Front" is the slogan which the Earn and Give club has adopted. Anna, one wily thirteen-year-old daughter of New York's East side, who was one of the first and youngest members to join the campaign at a New York settlement house, had to have it explained to her that instead of western front meaning fight and fight meaning fists, the western front means work and work means save in order to give.

The girl who joins the Earn and Give club will discover that in conjunction with her working and saving in order that her club will furnish its quota of the money that is going to help the girls like herself in France and Belgium, she will also find numerous ways in the community to help the war that she had never dreamed of. She will see that all the fruit pits and stones that can be saved from her own dining table and from those of her neighbors, are dropped into the little red barrel at the corner, in order that the carbon which the seeds contain can be used in making charcoal for the American soldiers' gas masks. She will save all the tin foil that she sees for the Red Cross. She will help collect clothing for the French and Belgium orphans and perhaps send them some of her own.

School girls in India, children from squalid, dingy homes, with absolutely no spending money, gave last year to Belgian and Armenian relief when they themselves were not getting enough to eat. They gave up their meat once a week for the Belgians, though they only had it twice a week themselves, and for the Armenians they set aside the handful of fresh grain that otherwise each girl would have ground in her own little stone mill. Both contributions, from all the girls in one missionary's school, amounted only to \$5 a month. "But it was a tremendous sacrifice," their teacher writes, "although a joyous one. It actually meant less bread each day, and once a week a meal of dry bread and water. This was done by 80 girls from the meanest homes in the world—children between the ages of five and fifteen."

Four hundred thousand girls in 47 states have become Patriotic Leaguers since America declared war. If as many school girls and working girls from all classes pledge to earn and give, the united war fund campaigners will have \$2,000,000 of their \$170,500,000.

To the Good People of Columbia

I Have Met You; I Like You;
I Am Proud of Your Adair County

Now as to oil; if you buy oil shares, let me whisper one word, get the Southern Oil & Refining Co's shares, NONE BETTES and few equal as a sure profit bearing investment. We have in your county the best oil dome ever located in Kentucky and will have the best oil field.

I can assure but twenty thousand shares, at twenty five cents. These I have gathered from private owners, company not selling, at present any of its stock. Next issue will be way higher.

If you buy oil shares I want you, otherwise we shall develop Adair county oil and win. We have the means and will get there.

FRANK D. HINES, Suite 21 to 26
1608 Broadway, Denver, Colo.

Columbia Motor Freight Co.,

We Haul and Deliver your Freight, Daily, between Columbia and Campbellsville, Equipped with large Motor Trucks and New Freight Depot, opposite Post Office. All Country Freight delivered from new depot. Prompt and Courteous Service rendered our Patrons. We solicit your business.

Columbia Motor Freight Co.,

Young & Hutehison,
COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY.

THE SECOND LINE OF DEFENSE

From the Mississippi valley to the flaming front in Flanders is not as far today as the distance from Paris to Berlin. The Atlantic ocean is not as wide as the River Somme. The girl in the munition factory in the middle West is very close to her brother in the front-line trenches. If her work falters, if one untrue torpedo passes the careful scrutiny of the inspector, the lives of American soldiers pay the price.

It is as necessary to keep the girl who makes the shells physically fit and high of courage as the man who fires the gun.

The glory and excitement of war are for the man in khaki. Grinding, monotonous labor far away from the flying flags and martial music is the portion of the girl who makes munitions.

One and a half million women and girls have marched into the service of the United States government, to take the places of the men who have been called to the colors. With every draft and with the opening of every munition cantonnement the number is multiplied. These girls work long hours and the work is hard and monotonous. Furthermore, they work at high nervous tension. On the skill of their fingers and the accuracy of their eyes depends the lives of many soldiers, the winning or losing of many battles.

"I can't sleep at night because I'm so afraid I may have passed on something that was not quite true," said one young girl not yet in her twenties, who inspected hundreds of torpedoes every day.

Unless something can make this girl forget at night, and find some rest, her hand will lose its cunning.

"Nights and Sundays," said another, "I walk and walk, and I never go the same route twice until I have worn out all the others, and yet I can't forget that perhaps some time, somehow, during the day something may have gone through that was not quite right."

"I was just on the edge of going back home," said another. "I couldn't stand it. Then the recreation leader asked me if I played basket ball, and I told her I was too old. I'm twenty-eight. She insisted that I just try throwing the ball, and now I'm captain of the basket ball team. I play tennis, and can 'set up' and 'wig-wag,' and they're going to make me forewoman of the room. That would have frightened me to death once. But everything is different now, that we have our War Service club."

The war department had seen the need of occupations for out-of-work hours if the employees were to work at their greatest efficiency, and through the ordinance department asked the Young Women's Christian Association for recreation leaders, to line up the girls and direct their free-time pleasures.

The government reminded the Y. W. C. A. that as an organization it always had had an interest in the right housing of girls, in the right feeding of girls, and in the right education of girls, and that the intelligent care of these girls in the munitions factories was one of the essentials in the winning of the war. The government could house and feed them. It could put up recreation buildings, but when this was done it was as helpless as the father of a motherless girl. The government is a composite man. He didn't know what a girl should do when the six o'clock factory whistle blew. He only knew she needed looking after and he called to the one woman's organization that for half a century had made a study of the needs of girls. Vaguely, he had an idea that she should be encouraged to play, that she needed wholesome recreation, and some one, wise and sympathetic as a career mother, to guide her social activities.

Traitors

Get their just deserts in the great romance of the American army in France that will appear in serial form soon in this paper. Truth, justice and true love triumph in the end.

Don't miss the opening installment of this up-to-the-minute story.

Bride of Battle

Notice of Annual Meeting American Red Cross.

Please take notice that the Annual Meeting of the Adair Co., Ky. Chapter of the American National Red Cross will be held on Wednesday, October 23rd, 1918, at 12 o'clock of said day at Court-house for the election of an Executive Committee, consideration of and action upon reports, and transaction of such other business as may properly come before the Chapter. Each member of the Chapter is earnestly urged to be present.

Mrs. R. F. Rowe,
Secretary.

51-26

Notice.

We are now ready to supply you with Dog Tags for the year 1919.

Remember the Law. Anyone who keeps or permits any dog to remain upon his premises must pay a tax of \$1.00 on the first male dog and \$2.00 on the second male dog, and \$2.00 on a female dog and they must be licensed by January 1st 1919.

S. C. Neat clerk,
Adair County court.

49-11

Big Bargains in Fertilizer

Several grades. Prices \$1.30 to \$1.95 per cwt. Telephone 115 I.

L. M. Smith, Mgr.,
Farmers' Union Store Warehouse,
48-11 Cane Valley, Ky.

Fertilizer.

We have a car-load of fertilizer, the "Groves Brand," three different kinds. Get our prices before buying. 16 to 20 Acid.

49-41

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HENRY W. DEPP,

DENTIST

Am permanently located in Columbia.

All Classes of Dental work done. Crowns and Inlay work a Specialty
All Work Guaranteed
Office—next door to post office.

WELL DRILLER

I will drill wells in Adair and adjoining counties. See me before contracting. Latest improved machinery of all kinds.

Pump Repairing Done. Give me a Call.

J. C. YATES

PUBLIC SALE Line.

Thursday, Oct. 24, 1918

At the farm of James Holladay deceased east of Columbia on the Columbia and Russell Springs road.

7 Head horses and mules.

3 Sows and pigs.

8 Head of stock hogs.

8 Head of cattle.

3 Milk cows.

Several tons of good hay.

Wagon, binder, mowing machines, corn mill, wheat drill, corn drill, turning plows, gang plow, double shovels, harrows and all kind of farming implements and tools.

TERMS: Made known on day of sale.

Mrs. Mattie Holladay.

Columbia,

Kentucky.

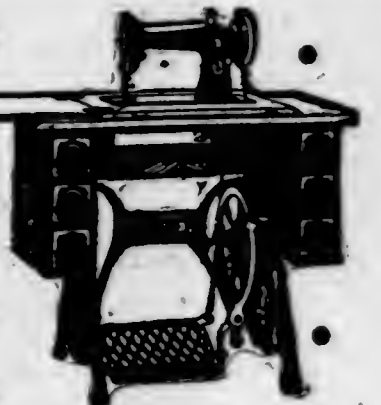
SINGER SEWING MACHINES

RENTED by Week or Month at Very Moderate Rates.

SOLD on the most liberal monthly payments. Old Machines taken in exchange
SINGER MACHINES NOT HIGH PRICED
COMPARISON SOLICITED

We sell Electric Motors for any Machine.
Attachments and Appliances for Every Stitching Purpose.
Needles for any Machine and the Best Sewing Machine Oil.

Does your Machine need Repair? Call, Write or Phone to



I have some good bargains in first-class second-hand Maahines

B. H. Kimble,

Adair Co. News Office.

PUBLIC SALE

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1918.

1 Mare

1 Buckboard and Harness.

1 Farm wagon.

1 Mowing machine and hay rake.

1 Corn Drill and A Harrow.

Household and kitchen furniture.

Sale begins at 10 o'clock, on my farm, near

Zion Church.

Fannie Willis,

Joppa, - - - - - Kentucky.

MEN WANTED

FOR

Government Work

AT

Camp Knox, Stithon, Kentucky.

Transportation Furnished for Laborers.

For Particulars Apply at

JEFFRIES HOTEL, Columbia Ky.

RUSSELL SPRINGS HOTEL, Russell Springs, Ky.

HOLT HOTEL, Jamestown, Ky.

THE BLUE TRIANGLE ON BABEL'S TOWER

Lucia pulled her shawl farther across her face and shrank down on the station platform bench as the solid blue figure suddenly bent down over her. Excitedly she shook her head in answer to the question that she could not understand. She searched through her red plaid waist for the paper that Tony had folded into a little square and given to her. The writing on it, in the English that Tony knew and she did not, told the house where she lived. Tony had explained it all to her that morning. He had told it to her again at the station. Then, waving his hat, he had disappeared into the train with the rest of the men, and Lucia had been left standing outside the gate. There were crowds of women pushing all about her. They were weeping. So Lucia wept, too.

Lucia had been betrothed to Tony in the old country. Five years before, with a long ticket for New York pinned into his inside pocket, her lover had left her. He wrote in every letter that he had made her a home in the new country. Her dowry money had finally provided her own transportation, and for two months Tony and she had been married. Then he had drawn a ticket with a number on it, and this morning he had gone off to war.

To the policeman Lucia told all these things in rapid Italian. But the policeman only talked back to her as rapidly in a language that was not Italian. She followed him dumbly to headquarters. An hour later a woman wearing American clothes gently began talking to her in beautiful Italian.

Italian Lucia was only one of thousands of foreign-born women, Syrians, Italians, Armenians, Russians, Lithuanians, Polish, who, when the draft called their men folk to the American colors, asked in helpless confusion what it was all about. When would their men be back? What did people mean when they told them they would receive money through the mail? Where could they find work that they knew how to do? Was there no one who could explain it all to them in their own language?

The Y. W. C. A. was ready to offer assistance, but it would be of no value to offer it in English. Consequently it had to supply a corps of women who could talk to the foreign-born woman at her own door in the language that she was used to hearing in the homeland. To teach her English was as essential a factor in her Americanization as to find her a job. Therefore the war council of the Y. W. C. A. set out to find her English.

A year before the war began in Europe, the leaders of the Young Women's Christian association foresaw just such a situation, and made ready to meet it. They studied the needs of the immigrant. They trained skilled American social workers to become familiar with the home habits and to speak the language of the Lett and the Hungarian and the Greek and the other foreign mothers who brought babies and bundles over from Ellis Island to Battery park.

The organization into which this experiment has developed was named by the Y. W. C. A. national board, "The International Institute for Young Women." In terms which these women can understand, it is teaching the foreign-born how to sew and cook and care for the baby.

To girls like Italian Lucia, who confessedly lingered on the station platforms when the draft trains pulled out, the Y. W. C. A. is giving direct assistance. Educated European women, appointed to the regular staff of workers at the camp Y. W. C. A. Hostess Houses are able to talk to the drafted men in their own language, assist them in writing letters home, and in arranging furloughs and little visits to the camp.

"The Home Information Service for Foreign Families of Enlisted Men" is doing practical relief work for the wives and mothers. The purpose of the board is to help the women folk left behind to understand where their boys are and how they are being treated; how they need home support and cheer, how to send them comforts, and to keep pace themselves by learning English and other things, so that when the boys come home they will not find their women still very un-American and out of sympathy with them.

Food conservation, bulletins have been translated into 18 or 19 languages. At the factories and munition plants interpreters are available for the non-English speaking women by whom the real war industries of the country are being largely carried on. In 25 important cities International Institute Bureaus are training American and foreign women for full time social service work with foreigners. Twenty-four trained women are employed on the national and district field staff of the Y. W. C. A. On June 15 there were 105 trained women working at Americanization.

When more than 75,000 Chicago men filled out their blue cards for the September 12 draft, Gang Luo Wong appeared at one precinct bringing with him Mrs. Gang Wong and the three children. All five wished to register. The enrolling clerk explained, but the Gang Luo Wongs make many broken Chinese remonstrances before the master of the family was induced to sign a card without his wife. Mrs. Wong could not speak English. What would his family do in a strange country if Gang Luo went to war? All over the United States Chinese and Poles and Serbs were asking the same question. It is to just such needs that the War Council of the Y. W. C. A. is organized to give assistance.

A WALLED CITY OF WOMEN

A little sunny village has grown up inside a high wall in France within the last year. Its square flat houses stand in straight even rows and along one side of the city wall is a long dormitory for single women. There are many more of them than of the families in the drab little houses. The village is full of women—old, young, middle-aged—whose faces, hands and hair slowly are turning yellow from the powder which it is said will eventually affect their lungs. But most of them are refugees and the fact that they are giving up their good looks, their health, and perhaps their lives in the munition factory, is of little moment to them. They have come into the walled town from ruined villages and devastated farms with their frightened little children, their despairing old people, carrying all their earthly possessions in tiny bundles. In their individual lives there is no future; in all their world there is no interest but the conquest of the Hun.

No one comes into this little war community that centers around the big new munitions plant but those who work. Because of the danger and the blighting yellow powder, the work is highly paid and all the workers are volunteers.

The women wear overalls or apron dresses, some of black sateen, some nondescript. The dull garb harmonizes with the yellowing faces and despairing eyes.

Into this modern walled city of despair the Blue Triangle has flashed the first message of hope. The Y. W. C. A. foyer is the only recreational center within reach. The cars which end cafes at the end of the line a mile away, stop running at seven o'clock to save fuel. The city is three miles from the factory.

"My problem," writes the Y. W. C. A. secretary in charge, "is to keep the women occupied in the evenings, to give them good healthy amusement so that they will forget their sorrows and go to bed and sleep, physically tired out from playing."

She goes on to tell of some of the women and girls who come to the foyer:

"There is a pretty little round, rosy-cheeked girl here who is just beginning to show the effects of the powder. The roots of her hair and her forehead are a pale yellow. The palms of her hands are a deep burnt orange and her hands and arms a bright yellow."

"There is an ex-professional dancer, an interesting girl who enjoys the foyer and helps entertain the other girls. There is a professional pianist who does her bit at the noon and evening hours. There is one rough-and-ready girl who speaks English, whose father was an innkeeper in northern France. There is a pretty little girl who is engaged to a French soldier who still is rejoicing over the five minutes she had with him recently during an air raid. His mother is the caretaker here and he is one of six sons in the war. Two of them are German military prisoners, two are civil prisoners in Germany and two are soldiers in the trenches. Her home in the north of France was destroyed and she escaped with a small bundle of such things as she could carry in her hands."

"There is a sweet-faced girl who was a lacemaker in Valenciennes, who came direct to us from the German-ruled section after a hard experience in getting away."

These are the women the Blue Triangle is helping to forget—perhaps only for an hour at a time—the horrors that have blackened their hearthstones and darkened the world.

"My foyer," the secretary writes, "consists of a hall and two large rooms with cement floors. One has a writing table and paper, pens and ink, sewing machines, a cupboard with tea-cups in it, a large table with papers and magazines, easy chairs and my desk. The other room has a piano, more tables, chairs, ironing boards and a Victrola. There are unframed French pictures and American and French war posters around the room. The walls are painted gray and white."

Saturday evenings they sing and dance. "First they have a chorus," writes the secretary, "such as 'Le Reve Passe' or the 'Hymne des Aviateurs' or something equally thrilling, and at the final notes of triumph a voice at my ears begs, 'Un polka, mees.' The polka finished, there is a call for the 'Hymne American' and we sing the 'Star-Spangled Banner' (Le Drapeau Etoile) in two languages."

These foyers have been established in several munition centers in France. Each one has a cafeteria, a recreation hall and rooms fitted up as rest rooms, writing and sewing rooms. At night these rooms are filled with French girls learning English, book-keeping or stenography, that they may work in the offices of the American Expeditionary Forces. In connection with each is a large recreation field or park.

At the request of the French ministry of war the Young Women's Christian association has opened club-rooms for the sixteen thousand French women employed in the offices of the war department.

So successful has been the foyer work in France that a call has come from England to the American Y. W. C. A. to bring its Blue Triangle huts and foyers across the channel. The English Y. W. C. A. has established centers for munitions workers on a smaller scale, but after inspection of the American work in France the four English representatives to the Allies' Women's congress in Paris in August, officially requested that the American Y. W. C. A. undertake similar work in England.

The Stock of Quality

ALBIN MURRAY.

The Ladies' Store

War Prices do not Keep Us From Supplying the Needs of our Customers.

Mens' and Boys' Union Suits.

Silk and Pongee Shirts at Rock Bottom Prices for Men and Boys

BLANKETS.

Pure Wool and Mixed Fabrics

Crockery, Aluminum Ware and Fruit Jars,
Galvanized Metal Ware
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Outfitters for Men and Boys.

Fancy Wearing Apparel for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Veils, Gloves, Fancy Hosiery, and Lingerie, Hats and Caps for the Men and Boys.

SHOES.

ALBIN MURRAY,

Columbia, Kentucky.

Next Door to The Adair County New Office.

Certain-teed Roofing



Certain-teed renders a war service.

Certain-teed saves war supplies, because it is made of materials which have no use in war products. It serves war needs because it provides our armies, and peoples everywhere, with efficient, economical roofing.

Certain-teed saves war transportation, because it is so compact that it takes minimum car space, and so easy to handle that it requires the minimum time to load and unload.

Certain-teed saves war labor. It can be laid in less time than any other type of roof; and no skill is required—anyone who will follow the simple directions that come packed in the center of roll can lay it correctly.

The durability and economy of **Certain-teed** are recognized the world over, as proved by its enormous sale. It is now the standard roof

for factories, office buildings, hotels, stores, warehouses, garages, farm buildings, etc.

Guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years, according to thickness. Sold by best dealers everywhere.

Certain-teed Products Corporation
Offices & Warehouses in Principal Cities of America
Manufacturers of
Certain-teed Paints—Varnishes—Roofing

2 PLY \$2.65 SQ.

3 PLY \$3.00 SQ.

Ford Roofing Extra Good Quality

2 PLY \$2.10

3 PLY \$2.50

1 PLY \$1.35

Are Extra Good Values At the Prices While the Stock Lasts

S. M. Sanders & Co.

CAMPBELLSVILLE, KENTUCKY

One 1918 Model Ford five passenger touring car. Good condition. See W. H. Sandusky.

Give us a Trial and be Convinced.

DAIR

el that
to all
News.

BAKER.

No. 33.

James R. Hindman was prominent in the affairs of Adair county, and also in the affairs of the State. He was born on Big Creek, in Adair County, February, 4th, 1839, and died at Columbia, the 12th day of October, 1912.

His grandfather, Alexander Hindman, came to Adair County, from Rockbridge county, Virginia, in 1797, and settled the farm which is now owned by his great grandson, Chas. M. Hindman. He brought with him a certificate of good character, which is preserved in the family and reads as follows:

"This is to certify that the bearer, Mr. Alexander Hindman, resided for several years in the bounds of New Providence congregation. He has behaved recently, and contributed to the support of the ministry of the Gospel, but has not applied for or been admitted to communion in the church. His family also have behaved decently.

Done by order of the session. Samuel Brown, V. D. M. At New Providence, Rockbridge County, Virginia, 10th of October, 1797.

It was a tribute to the character of Mr. Hindman, that, although not in the communion of the church, the certificate was given to him officially by the session of the church as an introduction to the new community into which he was about to remove.

He made amends for the fact that he had not applied for, or been admitted to the communion of the church, for, after he came to Kentucky, he was received into the communion of the Presbyterian church, in which faith he continued until his death.

James R. Hindman's mother's family, the Walkers, also came to Kentucky about the same time from the same county in Virginia.

His education was in the schools of the county or self acquired, and we may say largely self acquired. He had just reached manhood at the beginning of the Civil War. He espoused the cause of the Union, made speeches over the county to arouse sentiment, and entered the army as 2nd Lieutenant in Company "B" 13th Ky., Inf., and was later promoted to the position of Captain in another company. During the latter part of the war, he served as chief of ordinance of the 2nd Division, 23rd Army Corps.

Returning home at the expiration of his term of service he represented the county in the Legislature in the sessions of 1865, 1867, 1869 and 1881, and was active in restoring the Southern soldiers to all their rights and privileges as citizens, and in establishing and perfecting a Common School system for the State.

1883, he was elected Lieutenant Governor of the State, and

in 1897, he was nominated by the Sound Money Democratic Convention for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and made a very thorough canvass of the State on that issue.

His services in the General Assembly, and for his party gave him a large acquaintance over the State, and no man in it enjoyed greater personal popularity. He had a multitude of friends, and no enemies.

He was a member of the Methodist church, and was always deeply interested in its work both at home and abroad, and contributed liberally to its support. He actively supported the Sunday school, the cause of temperance, the cause of education in public and private schools, and other enterprises for the up-building of the community and the county at large.

Col. E. L. Dohoney, a cousin of Governor Hindman, was born on Big Creek in Adair county, and commenced the practice of law at Columbia. Later, he removed Paris, Texas, where he has since lived. He has served one or more terms in the Senate of that State, and held other offices of honor. He is also the author of several books. His son is, or was recently, a district Judge in that State.

Thomas R. Dohoney, another member of that family, served a term as Sheriff of Adair county, and also a term by appointment of President Buchanan, as Marshal of the State.

The Dohoney and Hindman families came to Adair county about the same time, and settled lands on Big Creek, which are still occupied by their descendants.

James F. Montgomery, was the delegate from Adair to the Constitutional convention of 1890-91. Was born in Adair county April 6 1849. His father was Dr. Wm. B. Montgomery, dec'd. After teaching school for some time, he studied law, and commenced the practice at Jamestown, Ky., in 1870. He was elected County Attorney of Russell in 1874. In 1882 he moved to Columbia, where he has since lived, and where he is now engaged in the practice of his profession.

Francis Montgomery, Sr., his paternal great grandfather, came to Adair county at an early day from the State of Virginia, and settled on a farm in the Ozark neighborhood which is still in the occupancy of some of his descendants.

His son, Francis, Jr., father of Dr. Wm. B. Montgomery, resided at Columbia for many years, and represented the county in the Kentucky Legislature one or more terms.

The family has been prominently identified with the interests of the county during its history, as professional men, ministers and farmers.

Judge Rollin Hurt was born in Adair County, the 18th of October 1860. He was educated in the schools of the county and at the Columbia M. & F. High School in Columbia. Studied law in the office of Judge W. E. Russell at Lebanon, Ky., and commenced its practice at Edmonton, Metcalfe county. Later he removed to Columbia and opened an office, and soon had a large practice in Adair and adjoining counties. He served two terms as county attorney of Adair.

In 1914 he was elected Judge of the Court of Appeals, and is now serving in that capacity.

He was married to Cary W. Chandler, and has one son, Ralph, who is doing service some where in France.

Judge Hurts ancestors, paternal and maternal, were among the first settlers of the county. His grand father, Wm. Hurt, a soldier in the Revolutionary war, was one of the organizers of the county of Adair and the town of Columbia, and his father, Young E. Hurt, was Sheriff during the turbulent times of the civil war.

James Garnett, Jr., son of Judge James Garnett, was born in Columbia, Nov. 15th 1871, where he resided until a few years ago. He was educated at the Columbia M. & F. High School, and at Georgetown College.

He studied law in the office of his father, and later graduated

from the law University at Louisville. After completing his law course, he entered into partnership with his father and commenced the practice of law to which he has devoted himself.

He served two terms by election of County Attorney of Adair.

In 1911 he was elected Attorney General of the State. At the completion of his term of office, he located in the city of Louisville where he is now actively engaged in the practice of his profession.

Jas. F. Read, who served for four years as United States District Attorney for the Western District of Arkansas, by appointment of President Cleveland was born and reared at Columbia.

His father Rev. H. C. Read was at the time of his death pastor of the Presbyterian church here, and principal of the Columbia M. & F. High School. His mother was a member of the

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War Saving Stamps

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Liberty Bonds

Plant a Full Crop of Wheat

We are Still Offering Goods at MUCH BELOW Present Market Prices.

Farm Machinery and Farm Implements at From 10 per cent to 20 per cent Under Present Values

SUPERIOR Wheat Drills, in Eight and Six Disc Sizes.

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Henry C. Read, a brother was recently Mayor of that city. He and his brother Frank have been

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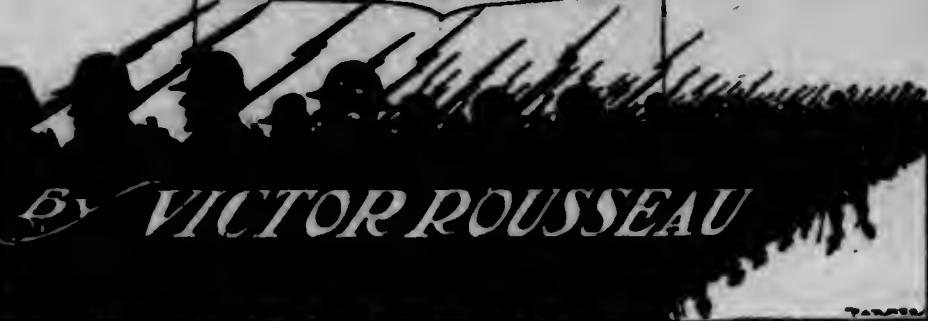
Wm. C. Read, another brother, who died a few years ago in St. Paul, Minn., altho his death occurred when he was still a young man, established a fine reputation as a business man in the twin cities of the Northwest.

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BRIDE OF BATTLE

A Romance of the
AMERICAN ARMY
Fighting on the Battlefields of
FRANCE



By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

CHAPTER I.

Lieutenant Mark Wallace of the Seventieth New York regiment came to an abrupt standstill. He was alone in the jungle, upon the blazing hillside before Santiago, in the month of June, 1898.

Through the branches of the trees the Mauser bullets still whizzed and whistled, and the prolonged screech of shells and distant shouting indicated that the battle, which had raged all day, had not yet reached its end. But within the short radius of Wallace's vision nothing stirred, not even the faintest breeze like the sound of the sea.

Wallace had only the most confused and incoherent knowledge of what was happening on that historic day. There had been an advance in the cool of the morning, if a brief respite from the oppressive heat could be called coolness in contrast. Then came the deployment along the base of the hills as the first shells began to fall, the advance in open order, in which the nicely indicated teachings of the parade ground fell to pieces, the jumble of men, of companies, and, later, of regiments, pressing forward past the dead and stricken, the shouts, the rattle of machine guns and rifles. Batteries came galloping where they had no theoretical business to be, upsetting the junior officers' desperate attempts to preserve alignment; Red Cross women invaded the battle line to succor the wounded; commissariat mules, shaking off the lethargy which no amount of belaboring had ever overcome, ran away with supplies and strewn embalmers over the hillside. In the midst of it all Wallace had rallied some men of his own troop and led them forward; he plunged into the patch of scrub-covered jungle, and found that he was alone.

In front of him was a small clearing, made by some Cuban squatter in the preceding year and abandoned after the reaping. It contained the ruin of a palm shack, and the furrows scraped by a primitive plow were only just discernible amid the rank growth that had sprung up. The lieutenant stopped and shouted, expecting to see his men come running through the trees.

But none appeared, and it was at this moment that the bullet that had been stamped with his name, according to the soldier's superstition, found him. He felt a smart blow on the forehead, which knocked him backward. He stumbled, fell down, sat up again and discovered that his elbow was shattered. The arm hung helplessly at his side.

He managed to blind up the wound with his hand and teeth. There was not much pain, but a sort of physical anguish, which made him reel giddily when he arose. There was burning, throbbing, too. It was extraordinary that a little thing like that should take the spirit out of a man. A little blood was running down his sleeve, but the wound seemed trivial.

Wallace leaned against the wall of the shack and waited for his men. He shouted once or twice more, but nobody answered him, and the battle seemed to be drifting in another direction. Wallace imagined that his troop had advanced around the patch of scrub, in which case he was not likely to establish touch with them again till daylight. He cursed his luck and started forward, but the trees began to reel around him; he clutched at the wall of the shack, missed it, and fell.

Then he realized that he was out of the fight. Yet, in spite of his intense disappointment, he knew that worse might have befallen him. He had fought through hours of the day—that was much; he was probably spared to lead his men again—and that was more. He had fought and proved himself; and at twenty-one a young man, for all his self-confidence, is composed of fears and doubts as well. In spite of his soldier ancestors, Mark Wallace had not been sure that his capacity for leadership extended beyond the parade ground, and he had suffered from the young soldier's inevitable fear of fear.

So he resigned himself to his situation. He emptied his water bottle and, gripping the end of his gaiter roll with his teeth, managed to bandage his wound sufficiently to stop the bleeding. The languor, however, was increasing. Sometimes he would doze for a few moments, awaking with a start, to wonder where he was, and what had happened. The air was very still. The shouts had long since died away, the rifle firing was a distant crackling; the tremulous staccato tapping of the machine guns was like the roll of drums far away.

Wallace must have slept for a prolonged period, for when next he became conscious he started up to see that intense astonishment, a pretty

ing in front of him and looking at him. He rubbed his eyes, expecting her to disappear. But she was still there, and just as he was beginning to piece together a Spanish phrase she spoke to him in English.

"I want my daddy,"

Wallace reached out and drew the child toward him. "Where is your daddy?" he asked. "And who are you?"

"I'm Eleanor," she answered, "and won't you please find my daddy for me?"

She pointed with a grimy little hand toward the interior of the shack, and



"I Want My Daddy."

Wallace, struggling to his feet with a great effort, made his way inside.

It was almost dark in the hut, and Wallace could only make out with difficulty the form of a man who lay, face downward, upon the ground near the wall. Presently, however, as his eyes became more accustomed to the obscurity, he saw the bullet wound in the back of the head.

He looked up at the child, who stood by, unconcerned. "Go away, Eleanor," he said gently.

The child, too young to know anything of death, went out of the hut and began to play in the shaft of sunlight that filtered through the branches of the palms. Wallace searched the dead man's pockets. He found nothing, however, except a military pass, signed by General Linares of the Spanish forces, authorizing the bearer to pass through the lines; and, after a moment's reflection, he decided to leave it on the body.

So this man had been the child's father, and, apart from her speech, his coloring showed that he had been an American. Wallace concluded that he had been a planter, trapped in Santiago. He raised the body in his arms and tried to turn it over, but let it fall when he saw the work that the bullet had made of the face. He must not let the little girl carry away anything of such memory as that!

He groped his way outside and beckoned to her. "What is your other name, Eleanor?" he asked.

The little girl only looked at him; it was evident that she did not understand the meaning of his question. "Did your daddy live in Santiago?"

"My daddy has gone away. I want him," said the child, beginning to whimper.

Wallace tried her once more.

"Where is your mamma?" he asked.

But she said nothing, and he sat down, propping himself against the shack. He drew the little girl down beside him.

"Now listen to me, Eleanor," he said. "Your daddy has gone away. He will be gone for a long time. You must be good and patient, and soon somebody will come to take care of you. Do you understand?"

The child's lip quivered, but she did not cry. She fixed her large gray eyes upon him.

"Who are you?" she asked, with the directness of childhood.

"My name is Mark."

"I like you, Mark. I will go with you till my daddy comes back."

"All right. Then sit down here beside me and play," muttered Wallace, wondering rather grimly what there was for her to play with.

But the grubby little fingers were soon busy in the sandy soil. Wallace watched the child, wondering who she was, and how it had happened that the father had been forced to take her

into the jungle, into the midst of the contending armies. Her clothing was almost in rags, and she must have been drenched by the rains of the preceding night. It had certainly been a desperate and a difficult adventure for the dead man.

The light began to fade. Wallace, half delirious now from pain and thirst, struggled to preserve his consciousness for the sake of the little girl. Sometimes he would emerge from a semi-stupor and look round for her anxiously; but he always found her, no great distance away, building sand castles out of the soft soil and chattering to herself as happily as if she had already forgotten her sorrow.

When he aroused himself finally, it was to see the flash of a torch in his eyes. Faces which he recognized were looking into his own. There was Crawford, the senior lieutenant, who had graduated from West Point the year before, and Captain Kellerman; there was his own negro servant, Johnson, with a look of alarm on his ebony face; and near by were two men from the ambulance, carrying an empty stretcher.

Wallace moaned for water and the sense of the liquid in his throat, warm though it was, brought back consciousness with a rush.

"Well, we've got you," said Crawford cheerfully. "How are you feeling, old man?"

"Fine. Have we got Santiago?"

"Well, not exactly, but nearly. We've carried all the trenches, and we're waiting to get our big guns up. Arm hurting you?"

"No," said Wallace, stifling a groan. "Say, Crawford, I suppose I was delirious, but I thought there was a kid here."

As he spoke he caught sight of Major Howard emerging from the shack, with the little girl in his arms, fast asleep. The major came up to him.

"How are you feeling, Wallace?" he asked. "Good! I didn't know you were a family man, though, till I saw this kid sleeping in your arms."

"You've been inside?" inquired the lieutenant, looking toward the shack. The major's face grew very serious. He nodded.

"Her father," said Wallace.

"Come, get in with you!" answered Major Howard, curtly, indicating the ambulance. Mark, supported by the orderlies, who had placed the stretcher upon the ground, crawled in and lay down. He stretched out his arm toward the child. It was an unconscious action, but Major Howard noted it, and, detaching the small arms from about his neck, he placed the little girl in the stretcher. The little head drooped upon the lieutenant's arm. As the ambulance men picked up their burden two soldiers came out of the hut, carrying something in a blanket. They carried it to the center of the clearing and set it down beside a hole which had already been dug.

"He carried a pass signed by Linares," said Wallace to the major.

Major Howard's eyes contracted into narrow slits. He nodded. "I have it," he answered.

"I wonder who he was?" said Wallace.

"We'll decide what to do with the kid after we get her back to camp," said the major curtly. It seemed to Wallace that he was unwilling to speculate upon the identity of the dead man. "Lie still, and don't muddle your brains with thinking, my boy," he added. "We'll have you at the base hospital in next to no time."

"How many men have we lost?"

"Can't tell you. Quite a few, I'm afraid. Soames is gone. Crawford and Murray and I found ourselves bunched together at the top of the hill, leading a mixed company of Texas Rangers and Pennsylvania Dutch. We'll get them sorted out and sent home with labels as soon as we can. Move on, boys!"

The jolting stretcher proceeded out of the scrub and down the hill. Here, in the open, everything was almost as silent as in the bush, after the day's battle. Under the light of the rising moon could be seen parties of men moving over the hillside, stragglers seeking their regiments, or fatigue parties detailed upon the necessary night work that follows a day of death. The moon shone down on huddled forms scattered for the most part in little clusters, where shells or machine-gun fire had caught them.

It seemed an infinitely long journey, and every movement of the stretcher was almost unbearable. Wallace shut his lips tight. He looked at the child beside him. She moved in her sleep, feeling for his neck with the little grimy hands. Her cheek snuggled into the hollow of his arm. The lieutenant was curiously touched by this unconscious confidence.

He issued from his ordeal of pain at last, when the bearers halted in front of the line of tents that served for a field hospital. Stretchers by the dozen were piled about the ground, and more were arriving constantly. Wounded men, guided by the sound, came limping in on the last lap of their painful journeys. Others, who had arrived but had not yet been attended to, sat or lay in front of the tents. Orderlies were scurrying to and fro. Major Howard caught one of the regimental surgeons, who looked Mark over quickly and then picked the child out of the stretcher.

"Hello! Who's this?" he asked.

"Friend of his," said the major, indicating Mark.

"She doesn't look like a Cuban young lady," said the doctor, as he cut away the sleeve of the tunic.

"Her father's dead. Hit by a shell on his way from Santiago. I think he was an American," said Mark.

"Gives her to me. I never had one,"

said the doctor, suddenly injecting a hypodermic into Mark's arm.

"Not after that," said Mark, wincing. "Besides, I'm thinking of adopting her myself."

And he wondered what had made him say that when the thought had hardly reached his own consciousness.

"See here, young man! Let me look at that arm of yours before you talk that way. Hum! You'll be running round in a couple of weeks, as well as ever."

"Thank heaven for that!" ejaculated Mark fervently. "Then I'll be in at the death."

"I doubt it. I won't pass you for duty for six months to come," said the doctor, grinning. Then, seeing Mark's dejected look, he added, more seriously:

"You may thank the modern high-power bullet that you are going to keep your arm, my boy. It's drilled a nice little pencil-hole clean through the joint, instead of shattering it, and that's got to be filled in with new growth. Even I can't grow bones in a week. I wish I could. Ten years ago your arm would have had to come off. There's nothing more I can do for you, my son," he added, as he smeared some sticky stuff over the wound and began adjusting a bandage, "except tie you up and put you in the hospital to-night, and send you down to the base in the morning."

"The devil you will! I guess I'm well enough to stay on the job as I am."

"Here, I haven't any more time to waste on you!" said the doctor. "Pounce will make you a sling and you'll go into that tent and stay there, or I'll cashier you. You won't be feeling so spry tomorrow morning. Get out!"

He strode away, leaving Mark looking into the grinning black face of Johnson.

After the sling had been adjusted he discovered that the sense of well-being, due to the hypodermic, was already beginning to leave him. His servant helped him into the tent and Major Howard brought in the little girl, who at once curled herself up to sleep at Wallace's side.

"What are you going to do about her?" inquired the major, standing beside the camp bed and looking down at Wallace uneasily.

"Boll some canned cow and see if it will dissolve the cellulose out of an army biscuit."

"It shall be done. I guess that'll stay her till morning. But seriously, Wallace?"

"I suppose I'll have to assume the responsibility for her. I'll take her down to the base with me tomorrow and ship her home to my people in charge of one of the stewardesses on some liner."

"I've got a better scheme," said the major. "Let me have her, Wallace. My wife will go crazy over her. You know she's always talking of adopting a little girl. She's got her ideal type in mind, and that's it. I was to look round for one like that if ever the chance came along."

"Well, you'd better go on looking round, Major," said Wallace, irritably. "See here, my boy, you don't reply what that kid, do you?"

"I do. I'll think over your proposition, Major, of course, but my sister would give her a home and—"

"Let me send her to my wife. You can claim her after the war, if you want to. Suppose you got killed; we'd neither of us have her. If you don't let me take her I'll make you pay for it."

"How?"

"I'll order her a bath, under the sanitary code. And you'll have to give it. And scraped beef—our beef!"

"Get out, Major, and give me a chance to yell when my wound hurts. Listen! I tell you what I'm ready to do. I'll let the regiment adopt her, with myself as godfather."

CHAPTER II.

He stopped, astonished at the way the Major took his suggestion. Howard began to stutter, paced the inside of the tent for some moments, muttering to himself, and then swung round upon his heel, facing the lieutenant.

"Good God, no, Wallace! Whatever put that infernal idea into your head?" he exploded. "See here, now! You're not well enough to talk this thing over tonight. Some day I'll tell you why your proposal is impossible."

"That's all very well, Major. I don't know what you mean, but if you don't like my proposition you know what you can do. I'm quite well enough to listen to what's worrying you. Dig it out!"

"I haven't time, Wallace. There's these stragglers to be sorted out. Not that much can be done tonight, I suppose. Sometime I'll tell you—"

He swung round on his heel and made for the entrance, stopped and returned.

"I suppose I'd better tell you now," he exclaimed. "I had thought it might be as well not to tell you ever. You don't happen to know who this child's father was—that man in the tent?"

"What do you mean, Major? Some settler caught by a bullet, I suppose."

"Hampton!" said Major Howard, grimly.

Lieutenant Wallace sat bolt upright on the bed and stared at the other in amazement.

"The man who sold our mobilization plans to Spain?" he whispered, conscious of a sudden terror for the child.

The major nodded. "It's years since we worked together in the war office," he answered, "and, frankly, I didn't know the face. You wouldn't have, would you, after the work that the bullet had done? One of those

—dum-dums. But—you didn't see this, did you?"

He took a purse from his pocket, opened it and shook out three gold pieces into his hand. "That was on a belt about the body," he said. "And



Stared at the Other in Amazement.

there were some papers—not the ones we wanted, but enough to identify him. It was Hampton all right."

He went to the tent door and looked out. "Here, Johnson!" he called.

The negro servant appeared almost instantaneously within the opening and stood to attention.

"Could you use three gold pieces, Johnson?" inquired Major Howard.

"Well, suh, I don't know as I'd object," replied the negro, grinning.

"It's part of a sum that was paid to an American soldier for betraying his country."

"Oh, Lord, no, Major!" answered Johnson.

"Then do what you think best with these."

The negro looked at the gold coins in his hand, stepped outside the tent and swung his arm. The pieces fell in the jungle grass far beyond the encampment. Major Howard shied the purse after them and went back to where Wallace still sat upright on the bed. He noticed, with a certain grimness of spirit, that one of the lieutenant's hands rested on the child's fair hair.

"Well, Wallace?" he asked.

"It's damnable."

"We can't exactly make his child the regimental pet, can we?"

Wallace was silent, and the Major sat down on the edge of the bed beside him.

"I had orders to watch for him," he said. "He was to have been hanged as soon as we captured Santiago. That's why he was making for the jungle. He was detected and allowed to escape with his life, but he had been working as a Spanish agent since he was drummed out of America. His career ended at the luckiest moment for him. He seems to have had the one redeeming quality of affection for the child, though if he had had a particle of unselfishness in him he would have left her behind him. I suppose she was the only thing he had in his wretched life."

"Of course there's no palliation," suggested Wallace. "But the man may have been born good and—gone downhill."

"He was born rotten," answered the Major. "He sold his country to pay his gambling debts. Cuba was about the only place that would hold him. I imagine. And to think that swine was once in our regiment! Sorry I had to tell you, Wallace!"

He hesitated a while; Wallace had not moved; but the child at his side stirred and breathed heavily. The major's fists clenched.

"I'm trying to be just to the dead," he said. "But I feel that a thousand years of hell wouldn't atone for that crime, Wallace."

Mark Wallace looked up. "I'm not sure that I know all the facts about the case, Major," he said.

"The facts are that it was no sudden act of fear or temptation, but calculated, cold-blooded deliberation. We knew at the war office that there was a leakage. It had been traced to the mobilization division, where Kellerman and I were working. Even we were under suspicion for a time. Then it narrowed down to Hampton and another."

"Wallace, those months were the worst time I've ever spent. Hampton was my best friend, and Kellerman's, too. We spled on him—had to."

"Well, you know what happened, more or less. There was a woman go-between, as there generally is—a fine-looking young woman, little more than a girl, named Hilda Morshelm. One of those French-German Alsations, Wallace. Kellerman got some hold on her, and she confessed. The case against Hampton was absolutely proven."

"There wasn't any trial. The fellow could have been shut up for a good many years; he had cost his country millions; he ought to have been hanged. But he was quietly cashiered and allowed to disappear. Maybe it was a foolish move, but we felt the shame pretty badly and wanted to forget it. Hampton was let go, on the understanding that he leave the com-

try forever innocent of the war until the day before the

"And he went on with his

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"I'll tell you

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Miss Rennie,

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and, of course, with a tradition

that, she believed in the scoundrel ab-

solutely. She came to me twice. The

first time was before the informal trial

held by the department. She begged

me to believe he was innocent and the

victim of a trap. I wouldn't even lis-

ten. You know, when a man has to

run down his friend he has to harden

his heart.

"She came to me again, after Ham-

pton was broken. She told me I had

played false to my best friend and

that I'd suffer for it to the last day of

my life. I've never forgotten that in-

terview, and you can guess how it

made me mad to hang Hampton when

we learned that he was still keeping

up the game from his exile in Cuba.

He must have got quite a number of

confidential papers out of the war of-

fice. That's about all."

"It's enough," said Wallace. "The

girl married him, then?"

"So much we learned. And also that

she died later. You see, we've been

pretty close on the fellow's track the

last couple of years—ever since the

war became a probability, in fact.

Most of the officers in the regime

are since that time, but I guess they

all knew something, and kept it quite

like you."

Wallace nodded. "I fancy there's

good deal of feeling," he said.

"Quite a good deal," said the major

dryly. "And I guess you'll agree with

me that this makes it—let's say, a lit-

tle difficult to adopt his child offi-

cially?"

"You mean the remembrance would

be too bitter?"

"I mean that that position is the

one and only position that she is dis-

qualified from holding, by reason of

birth."

"Still," urged Wallace, "it isn't in

the blood. The mother was decent.

Why should that baby be tarnished

with her father's treachery?"